of convenient reference, it can be justly commanded to inexperienced writers.

RARLOR CHARADES AND PROVERBS By S. AVEIL FROST. 12mo, pp. 262 J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The caterers for domestic amusement, during the eng Winter evenings, will find a valuable aid in their ardness labors in this reasonable volume. It consists of a series of brief dramas, adapted to parlor repre sentation, and mostly of a lively and amusing charaser. The author displays not a little ingenuity in arranging the details, and a competent knowledge of what is necessary to stage effect on a small scale.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF WINTEROP MACK WORTH PRAED. New and Enlarged edition. In Two Volumes. o. Redfield.

In this edition of a favorite English poet, several ew pieces of undoubted authenticity have been deed, although it by no means claims to embrace s complete collection of his works. An interesting memoir of Praed by the American editor enhances the Ta'ue of the edition.

THE SEA OF ICE: OR. THE ARCTIC ADVENTURERS By A reprint of the entertaining volume originally pub-Eshed in England, under the title of the "Arctic Cru see." In the guise of a fictitious narrative, it embedies many of the most interesting facts which have been brought to light by the discoveries of the great

Polar Expedition. BREAKFAST, DINNER, AND TEA. 12mo. pp. 350. D. Appleton & Co.

The science of good eating is treated in this volume is its classical, poetical, and practical aspects. The savory descriptions with which it abounds form an appetizing preparation for the savory dishes for which it gives the receipts.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Ged in his Providence, By Woodbury M. Fernald. 12cno.
pp. 437. Otto Clapp Sold by D. Appleton & Co.
paintly Characters recently presented for Canonization. By the
Rev. William H. Neigan, Ll. D. 12cno. pp. 832 Edward
Dunfgan & Brother.

Rev. William H. Nefigan, Ll. D. 12mo. pp. 852 Edward
Dunigan & Brother.

The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green. By Cuthbert Bede, ... A.
12mo. 3 vols. in one. Rude & Carlton.
The Sea of Ice, Or. The Arctic Adventurers. By Percy St. Jehn.
12mo. pp. 243. Mayhew & Baker.
The Right Word in the Right Piace. By the Author of "How to
Write." &c. 12mo. pp. 24. Fowler & Wells.
The Physicology of Common Life. By Gaorge Henry Lewes. In
2 vols. Vol. 1 12mo. pp. 368. D. Appleton & Co.
The Sabbath and its Lord, and the Divine Man. By John G.
Wilson. 12mo. pp. 177. Philadelphia: J. G. Wilson.
S. Id by M. W. Dodd.
Writings in Prose and Verse, on Various Subjects. By J. G.
Wilson. 12mo. pp. 476. The Same.
Elementary Drawing, with Instructions. By S. Schuster. 2 vo.
1 vison & Phinney.
Practical Drawing-Book. By S. Schuster. 2 vo. 1 vison & Phin2 vol. 1 vison & Phinney.

Gold Foll, Hammered from Popular Proverbs. 12mo. pp. 358.

Charles Scribner.
Charles Scribner.
The History of Herodotus. Ry George Rawlinson, M. A. Assisted by Col. Sir Henry Rawlinson, K. C. B., and Sir J. G. Wilhinson. Vol. II. Evo pp 514. D. Appleton & Co. Winners Artists in all Ages and Countries. By Mrs. Ellet. 12mo. pp 577. Harper & Brothers.
A Geof Fight, and Other Tales. By Charles Reade. 12mo. pp. 341. The same.

NEW BOOKS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 27, 1859. It is well remarked in a book privately printed

in this city lately, and known to be from the pen of the venerable Horace Binney, that

"Our city has one fault in common with all cities, and with mankind in general; and another that is iccal, and at this day rather uncommon. And she has so many good qualities that she may bear to be told of her defects.

"Like all the world, she rushes to the notice of

that is new, and puts old merits and services into the vallet which Shakespeare makes Ulysses say Time 'bath at his back,'

Wherein he puts aims for oblivion,
A great-sized moneter of ingratitudes.
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are syowed
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.'

"The other is the more uncommon fault. It is no e be regretted that Mr. Ingersoll's day, and that of the really able men who were at his side, was not, in to be regretted that Mr. Ingersoll's day, and that of the really able men who were at his side, was not, in say part of our country, the day that has since dawned, and it is hoped has got beyond its meridian; a day of puffing and hallooning of everybody and thing, however little above the ordinary stature or quality, sometimes, indeed, when it is below it. His say was a day of becoming modesty, and of some personal dignity, in all the professions, and nothing will be gained by our day's becoming otherwise. But these qualities furnish no excuse to a great city for indifference to the really great talents that are sometimes found in connection with them. And this is the fault referred to, that she has been hitherto, and perhaps immemorially indifferent or insensible to the abilities of her sens, who have gained their first public consideration elewhere. She is wanting in civic personality, or what is a better phrase for the thought, a family unity or identity. She does not take, and she never has taken, satisfaction in habitually honoring her distinguished men as her men, as men of her own family. It we the city that is referred to, as distinguished from the rest of the State. She has never done it in the face of the world, as Charleston has done it, as Richmond has done it, as Baltimore has done it, as Now-York has done it, or at least, did it in former times, and as Boston did it, has done it, and will do it forever. the really and as Boston did it, has done it, and win do it forevers.

She is more indifferent to her sons than she is to strangers; and this perhaps may be the reason why other parts of the State so much more readily advance their awn men to public office and distinction."

How true these remarks are, and how deserved

the strictures, every Philadelphian can testify, and helauthor's penetration has reached the fone at origo

The fact has been often stated for sixty years past, "The fact has been often stated for sixty years part but is not easy to explain, nor will I attempt to account for it with any confidence. Perhaps it grows out of her Quaker origin. It is certainly in harmony with it to put nothing more striking than a drab-colored tess upon the men who have done their best for her. tess upon the men who have done their best for her. It is in the key of Quaker manners of old times—of quaker moderation and equability. It may, to some ment, be a result of the division of parties in the hoprietery time, the country against the city, as for he most part adherents of the Proprietary, but with a mority in favor of the Assembly, enough to break their wan people into disunion. To this day the country of Peansylvania is against the city in everything, and for no misting cause that can be stated. In recent years the composition of the city gives the best explanation of the let; for while there is something like a general temperament in the life and manners of the city, there is city whose significant population is less homogetous. We are by no means one, but very many, in sigin and education; and not so likely to have a family heart to our distinguished men as either the South the East.

"the East.
"But, without explaining it, we may regret it. It "But, without explaining it, we may regret it. It be modesty, it is a virtue that has its inconveniences. here is no need, certainly, of putting everybody of pod figure into scarlet, or flame color, and sending hem up by gas, that they may be seen afar; but it is with just to individuals and profitable to a city to give its really able mee, in every profession or walk, such promutence and accoration as will bring to both time share of consideration from the country at large, thelps the community, and it helps the individual. I rames him and draws him out, or disposes him to a drawn out. It gives him confidence, and enlarges the both in power and productiveness."

It has always been the case in Philadelphia, that te Quakers, comprising a large part of the old and beh tamilies, have kept to themselves, and looked toof from the "World's People." And it has ken too much the case that the Episcopalians and he Piesby terians have constituted cliques of their cases that the second real parts and the problem. ian. Then-and it is a point not, perhaps, suffi cently dwelt upon-a narrow jealousy of strangers specially Yankees, who, notwithstanding, are mong our most valuable citizens, has done much to crengthen a provincial spirit unworthy of a city nd which, if there were more union and public pirit here, might be so again. Let as hope that he proud indifference which too much character tes our fair city may give way to a more practical

ted common-sense view of things.

The book from which the extracts are taken i The book from which the extracts are taken is written by one of Philadelphia's greatest men, and perhaps, on the whole, the ablest lawyer, as he is tettainly one of the most accomplished and cultified men the country has ever produced. It is stitled "The Leaders of the Old Bar of Philadelphia" and it contains biographical sketches and teminiscences of William Lewis, celebrated as a sarrister during the latter part of the last century and the beginning of the present; Edward Tilghman, an eminent lawyer of the post-Revolutionary period, and Jared Ingersoll, "my learned master a the law," all honored names, whose memory it behooves Philadelphians of the present day to treasure.

Speaking of Ingersoll, the author tells the story of what he calls "the first, and, perhaps, the bea

"conducted case of Lynch law that our blok"
"report." It is the anecdote of Jared Ingersolt
the elder, Stamp Master for Connecticut under the
Crown in 1765, who for three hours or more held a parley on horseback with a mob, which insisted on

his resigning his commission.

"At lergth, when the hours were exhausted, and there "At length, when the hours were exhausted, and there were symptoms of impatience, he asked what was to happen if ne did not resign; and they told him 'his fate.' He might gness what that might be, in the general; but, not liking any patientar aspect of it, he concluded it was better to do what he was told to do. He write and signed a resignation of his commission as Stamp Master. He pulsed off his hat and hurrahed three times for 'Liberty and Properts,' after they had deprived him of both, and then, knowing that he was bound to Hartford, they marched with him to the outside of the hall of the Legislature, and left him there at libert, to go in or to go home, as he might think at liberty to go in or to go home, as he might think

The horse on which Mr. Ingersoll was mounted on that occasion was a gray one, a fact which gave occasion for a bon mot, which has never, I believe, been in print before; but I have it from good authority, and it is characteristic of the man. On his return home, a friend rallied him on his sub-

mission, and said: "Jared, how did you feel when you were riding through that mob!

Feel !" he rejoined; "why I felt like Death on the Pale Horse, with all hell following:"

Of the younger Jared Ingersoll, the author re-marks: "I am not aware that he held or sought "a position in any popular or representative body "whatever." Here the fact is overlooked that Mr. Ingersoll was for a short time (in 1780-81) a member of the Congress of the Confederation. He was also a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of the United States.

The extracts which I have given above will convey to your readers but a faint idea of a charming book, doubly interesting as being the work of an octogenarian. The force and precision of thought octogenarian. The force and pracision of thought and language, the graceful and sometimes playful style, the high tone of honor, and the perfect truthfulness, which characterize it are on those who know the writer would expect. In thus employing the leisure earned by a well-spent life, he has learned to do what Madame de Stael pronounced so difficult—to grow old gracefully.

These historical reminiscences recall the fact that volume 7 of the Memoirs of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania is in press, and will be published in a few weeks. It will contain two pa-pers: one of local and the other of general interest. The first is entitled "The Record of Upland," being the proceedings of the Court which sat at that place (near Chester) for eight years prior to the arrival of William Penn, and under the de facto proprietaryship of the Duke of York. It is edited by that indefatigable local antiquarian and worthy man, Edward Armstrong, esq. The other paper will be "Denny's Military Journal," which commences before the siege of Yorktown, and is continued until after the conclusion of the St. Clair's and Harmar's Expeditions against the Indians. The editor is Dr. Wm. H. Denny of Pittsburgh, a worthy descendant of an illustrious race. The worthy descendant of an inustrious race. The volume will make about 500 pp., 8vo., and it will be followed by others in due time, the Society's Publication Fund having now reached the respectable sum of \$15,000. The annual dinner, by the way, of the Historical Society, to commemorate the landing of William Penn, will take place this year

at Bethlehem, on Tuesday, Nov. 8.

Of more general interest to the public, however, is a book which will be published by J. B. Lippincot & Co., about Christmas, entitled "Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World, by Robert Dale Owen, formerly member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples." It treats on what is usually called the Supernatural, and by Mrs. Crowe the Night Side of Nature—in plain terms, of ghosts, visions, doppelgangers warnings, rappings, presentiments, second sight, house-haunt greater part of the book not differing in kind from those collected in other works, but having the merit of freshness, and resting on more than usu-ally reliable evidence. They are chiefly the per-sonal collections of the author during his residence in Italy, France, and England. Mr. Owen's position as American Minister, and his familiarity with the Continental languages, gave him access to sources of information possessed by few; and his testimony to the spread of a belief in intersourse with the unseen world among Royal, noble, and respectable circles in Europe is sufficiently startling. The witnesses whom he ciently startling. The witnesses whom he produces and who generally speak of their own knowledge, are such well-known and respectable persons as the Marchioness of Chasteler, the Baron de Guldenstubbé, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Dr. Ashburner, William Howitt, the wife of Senator Linn, a chaplain to the British Legation, the wife of a captain in the British army, &c. The testimony is sifted with the skill of a lawyer, and whether convincing or not, the result is a series of remarkable and in-teresting narratives. The author is well booked-up in the literature of the subject, both English and Continental; and although he leans to the opinion that real communications have been received from departed spirits, yet his work is a dis-

## RECENT FRENCH LITERATURE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

PARIS, Oct. 11, 1859. The publication of a new book by Victor Hugo is still what the French call an event. Its appearance creates a certain sensation, and it is much talked about, if not much read. Such is the case with La Legende des Siecles, issued from the press of the Levys two weeks since. A few words as to the reception it meets with from the public may properly enough go with a few words about the book itself.

The literary civil war that broke out in the last years of the Restoration, and in which the passions of men were so largely enlisted in its fierce continuation, during the years first following the Revolution of July, may be said to have ended in 1841, when the independence of the Romanticists was recognized, and their foremost leader. Victor Hugo, had conquered a seat in the Academy, the very citadel of Classicism. Memory with the old, tradition with the young, was hardly keeping up something of the spirit of the old feud when fresh political animosities came in to range themselves on either side; so that to-day Victor Hugo is condemned as he is praised, not so much by critical judges as partisan advocates, less as a poet than as a politician, less, even, as a Romanticist than as a Red: and the verdict upon his last poems, in which there is an allusion to the actualités is made up in view of such antecedents as Napoleon le Petit, Les Chatiments, and his recent letter on the amnesty. A discussion on them by two French gentlemen, to which I listened with much interest the other day, reminded me of discussions by two theologi-ans over a text of St. Paul, to which I have istened with little interest, where the text, and St. Paul, and Christianity itself were all secondary to the triumph of either disputant's church—the two, the churches, being as far spart from each other as

Heaven and the other place.
It would, however, be libeling the intelligence and marked literary taste of these gentlemen, and of the French public, to write that they are entirely blinded by political or other prejudices to the defects and merits of our author. He has, perhaps, to thank himself for a more formidable obstacle at present to a recognition of the latter. There is always in any public, French, English, or American, a greedy, unreasonable, ungrateful portion, who demand not only that the new production of a voluminous writer shall, on the whole, display a degree of genius equal to what has been granted to him in its preceessors, but complain that it does not combine the characteristic merits of them all. They are the spoiled children who have grumbled, They are the sponde chandred with many and do grumble, and will grumble, at Scott's, or Dickens's, or Thackeray's, or Mrs. Stowe's, or Curtis's last, because it lacks, as in its very nature curtis's last, because it lacks, as in its very nature it must, any of the imagination, eloquence, fun, wit, pathos, or humor, distributed in due proportion and placed with fit specialty throughout all their foregoing works. Like the man who was discontent with the artist because he has not swallowed Pharach's host and marched over the Israel-

ite host on dry land "to oncet" on the same thre

feet square of canvas.

The sale of Victor Hugo's last volumes, the keep ers of two frequented bookshops on the Boulevards tell me, is not brisk. They would probably have disappeared more rapidly from the shelves, even at this time, when material interests are said to be so absorbing with all to the exclusion of interest in higher things, had they been signed by a new name. higher things, had they been signed by a new name. Regular business advertisements, abusively severe notices and abundant puffs have abounded. Am mg these last that of Jules Janin, in the Debats of Monday, the 10th, is remarkable for its dithyrambic vein-which yet is hardly rediculous, flowing from his pen. For the friendship and admiration of the femiletonist for the poet has been not only sincere and unwavering, but has been displayed cometimes within the late past years, when the dis play of it was a true act of courage. But the sale my mercantile acquamtance just cited complain. is, nevertheless, not brisk. Ca ne se rend pas!

And this very morning I read through Amyot's windows, on the cover of that very indecent and rather duli Fanny, by Ernest Feydeau, "Seven-teenth edidor." The consolation is, that when teenth edidor." The consolation is, that when these volumes bear that inscription—and in time they will come to it-I'anny will be forgotten ex-

cept by bibliophiles.
Certain it is that no other living French poet, 1 had almost said no living poet, has presented to the world in these past ten years, anything that would not suffer more by comparison with these poems than they suffer by comparison with other gifts this poet has made to us. That they do suffer by this last comparison, it is difficult to deny. They lack grace and ease. More frequently than formerly fabrication takes the place of inspiration; forced extravagance of exuberance; ideas which used to seem to crowd in, now seem pressed in; instead of a flow there is a strain; as if the grand imagination labored rather than played.

But if there be apparent failing, it is the failing

of a giant, whose diminished force still dwarfs the normal vigor of ordinary mortals, even of the poetic sort. Wearied and broken it may be by age and exile, and long deferred hope, there is yet an indefinable something, strangely large and grand, in the latest exertion of his strength—" Cyclopean" Janin styles it; a sick Cyclops, but a Cyclops. Read that wonderful legend, "La Conscience":

"When, along with his children, clothed in the skins of wild beasts, distraught, wan, in the midst of tempests, Cain fled from before Jehovah, as night was falling; the gloomy man came to the foot of a monntain, in a great plain; his weary wife and his panting children said to him: 'Let us lie down on the ground and sleen' Cain not sleening as thinking at the children said to him: 'Let us lie down on the ground and sleep.' Cain, not sleeping, sat thinking at the foot of the mountain. Raising his head, he saw in the depths of the funereal heavens an eye, wide open in the darkness, gazing fixedly on him through the night. 'I am too near,' he said, trembling. He awakened his sleeping children, his weary wife, and renewed his woful journey, going thirty days and thirty nights, silent, pale, furtive, startled at every sound, not looking behind him, without truce, without rest, till he reached the shore of the sea. 'Let us rest here,' he said, 'for 'it is a sure asylum; we have reached the bounds of 'the world.' And as he sits down, he sees the eye in the same place in the lurid horizon. And black horror reizes him, and he cries: 'hide me'; and Jabal, father of those who live under tents in the decert, drew a tent about him; and when he sat encompassed by its thick 'folds, little Tsilla, his son's child, fair as the morning, asks: 'You no longer see anything?' and Cain folds, little Tailla, his son's cano, har as an account asks: 'You no longer see anything?' and Cain answers: 'I still see the eye.' And Jubal built about him a wall of brass, but that eye still gazed upon him. Then Tubal Cain and his brothers built a great city, with walls as thick as mountains, and wrote upon the gate, 'God shall not enter'; and they placed Cain in a great tower of store within, and there the eye looked steadfastly on the dreary, haggard man. Then he said, let me dwell under the ground, in the loneliness of the grave, where none shall see me, where I shall see nothing more. And they made him a cave under ground, and Cain said 'it is good.' Then he went down into it, and when he was seated there in the dark, and they had closed it up with a great stone, "the eye was in the tomb, and locked on Cain."

Perhaps even this table of contents in excessive prose may help to an idea of the strange largeness this poem, through which there breathes an of those primeval days when mortals were yet undwindled giants, and the sons of God sought o

panionship with their daughters.

La Legende des Siècles is made up of thirty-six La Legende des Siècles is made up of thirty-six poems, varying in length from four to twelve hundred lines, the mere themes or suggestions of which are chiefly historical or legendary, and are taken here and there from the sacred and profane records and traditions of the past and observations of the present. Commencing with the Biblical cycle in the first volume, the poet passes to the decadence of Rome, to Islamism, the heroic age of Christianity, the fabulous golden age of chivalry, to Italy of the middle ages, the Renaissance in the sixteenth century, to more modern history, to the present time, then over to the "twentieth century," then out beyond the bounds of time to the Last Judgment. A writer in the last number of the ast Judgment. A writer in the last number of the Rerue des Deux Mondes says: "It is not merely a "profound and general thought, but a direct and tangible bond, that connects the numerous poems "published under the significant title of La Legende des Siècles." I hardly catch the general common thought, quite miss the tangible bond, and fail to discover the apt significance of the little and the "ensemble" of the work, so patent to that friendly critic. The pieces of which it is composed are collected with scarcely any logical connection. Even the chronological sequence is most irregular. Thus, Paradise and the birth of Eve, Cain, Daniel in the ion's den, Ruth and Boaz, Balsam, and Carist at the tomb of Lazarus, are the only subjects chosen out of all the Biblical history. They have little in common but their external form, and their general somber tone—caught from the sadness of exile. The book is dedicated "To France," and bears this epigraph:

in France on je suis ne l'arbre déraciné.

Jarbre déraciné.

Jonne as feuille motte.

Yields its leaf, dead. arbre déraciné, The author says in the preface:

The author says in the preface:

"Those who please to glance at this book would form an erroneous idea of it, if they see there anything more than a commencement; it is, so to speak, but the first page of another book. And yet it is not a fragment; it is complete in itself, as a peristyle is in itself a complete edifice; as a tree, the commencement of a forest, is complete. It is a whole, and but the part of another whole."

The praface is filled with reproductions of this The preface is filled with reproductions of this

notion. These two volumes contain but the first part, the first series, as the subtitle runs: "They are nothing but [I cannot see that they are

so much as successive impressions of the human profile, from date to date, from Eve, the mother of men, down to the Revolution, the mother of peoples.

When other volumes shall be joined to these, so as to render the work a little less incomplete, this series of impressions, loosely arranged in a certain chronological order, will form a sort of gallery of the first people of the series of impressions, loosely arranged in a certain chronological order, will form a sort of gallery of the These changing physiognomy of humanity. . . . . These present poems, various in subject, but inspired by the same idea, have no other connecting tie than a thread same idea, nave he other contents to become invisible, but which is never broken, the grand mysterious thread of the human labyrinth, Progress."

The distinction between an invisible and a broken

thread is, for the purposes of a clue line, certainly without a difference. But the plan of the great without a difference. But the plan of the great poem that Victor Hugo has mentally sketched out, whose themes are Humanity, Evil, the Infinite, of whose execution La Legende des Siecles is the begipning canto, to be followed by La Fin de Satan, and completed by Dicu, is a magnificent conception-a poem in itself.

Independent of this plan, he announces as preparation for the press a volume of Songs of the Streets and Woods; a prose novel, Les Miserables, and two dramas, Les Jumeaux, and Torquemada.

Madame Recamier offers an instance rare in history, unique in French history, of a woman acquiring

in immense reputation who was not a royal favorite, nor a political intriguer, nor an actress; who never led the fashion, nor wrote a book; who was not even guillotined. The Dutchess of Devonshire, not even guillotined. The Dutchess of Devonshire, step mether of the late doubtful Duke, character-ized her as "first of all good, then spirituelle, and finally very beautiful." She was in the best sense of the term what the French call a charming weof the term what the French call a charming wo-man. Her extraordinary personal beauty in fea-tures, form, and movement, drew all eyes wher-ever she appeared in her younger days. The testi-meny of a cotemporaneous belle, Madame Reg-nault is amusingly conclusive on that point:

cault is amusingly conclusive on that point:

"Others, she said, were truly beautiful, but no one
else produced so much effect. I was in a salon, she
continued when I charmed and captivated all beholders, when Madame Recamier came in. The brilliance
of her eyes, which, however, were not very large, the
inconceivable whiteness of her shoulders, outshose,
eclipsed everything else; she was dazzling. After a

few moments, to be sure, the real amateurs returned to me. Intallectually she was remarkable rather for great good sense and tact than for espent. But goodness was her specialty, kindness to every one, and a veritable genine for friendship—not only for making as d keeping friends, but what is quite different, and less common, for being a friend."

Among the most distinguished of these friends were Madame de Stael, Ballanche, the Dake of Montmorency and Chateaubriand. Of her and them and other of the first French writers and thinkers who held their entrée to her famous salon among the first of their privileges, we just have two ptertaining volumes of Sourenirs et Correspondance. They are made in large part of a selection from the papers left by Madame Recamier, containing ong others, numerous letters of Chateaubriand and others not less interesting from Queen Hor-tense, Benjamin Constant, Ballanche, and other famous cotemporaries. Their charm is, that they bring us into a sort of familiarity with the writers, who evidently had not the Press in view, and help to give us glimpees into that really "best society," of which Madame Recamier was the admired ornament and center. The original portions of the work, connecting souvenirs and letters and extracts from other papers into an tarmonious whole, are adopted daughter of Madame Recamier, who admirably united a sentiment of pious affection to fine

Conferences Preches a Notre Dame de Paris: The Conferences from 1837 to 1847, and various other discourses, in 4 volumes; by the late Father Ravig-nan of the Society of Jesus. The celebrated conferences which drew about the eloquent Jesuit

conferences which drew about the eloquent Jesuit
"an assiduous audience composed of all that was
"most illustrious in the Paris werld" are now
published complete for the first time.

Le Grand Duc Ferdinand IV. et la Toscans is a
pamphlet by Viscomte de Valori, late Chamberlain
of his subsided highness. Since there are two
sides to the question, and M. de Valori had better opportunity than some of us of seeing the one
favorable to the Duke, his pamphlet is worth looking at. Audi alteram partem.

ing at. Audi alteram partem.

The third volume of the Correspondance de Na poleon I. is out of press. The grand, in 4to, pubinterval, by a more modest edition in 8vo.

Histoire des Classes Ouvrières en France-(History of the Working-Classes in France):-from the days of Julius Cæsar to the Revolution of 1789; two 8vo. vols.. by Levasseur; to which was awarded the prize of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences.

Dictionnaire Ideologique, by Robertson, is a suc-

cessful application to the French language of the plan of Roget's Thesaurus of English words.

## LITERARY.

-Mrs. Stowe's new book, The Minister's Wooing, sells well in its complete form, as published by Derby & Jackson. Though far from exciting the "rush that greeted her former works, its uccess, in a busi ness view, will be equal to that of any work produced this year. Acute feminine critics have pronounced the title a misnomer, as whatever wooing is done in the book is certainly not attributable to the minister, his participation being merely implied. The reasonable expectation of a sample of clerical love making is not

-Edgar A. Poe and His Critics will shortly be published by Messrs, Rudd & Carleton. It is written by a ady whose prespective relation with the poet was in terrupted by his death. It is a plea in favor of a man of genius whom every one steps out of the way to kick at, from the Edinburgh Reviewers downward.

-Mr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh has a nounced a work impugning the antiquity of the Balad Poetry of Scotland. Some moral courage is necessary for such a task, when the fervor of Scotch nationality is considered. Judging from some articles in the same spirit published many years since in his Journal, Mr. Chambers will make out a strong case against the received opinion, which actually rests on a very slender thread of evidence. The subject is an interesting one to lovers of literary history. A convenient manual for its study is furnished in Prof. Aytoun's Ballads of Scotland, 2 vols. 12mo., published by Messrs. Blackwood. This has just reached a second edition, enlarged, and amended by the omission some spurious imitations of the antique so clever that they deceived Sir Walter himself. Prof. Childs's great collection of English and Scotch Ballads, in Little & Brown's "British Poets," now complete in eight volumes, has not yet met with a critical exam ination from the English press, but it is pronounced on a cursory view, to be the fallest and most elaborate

work on the subject ever got out. -The success of Dr. Palmer's translation of Miche let's L'Amour is the great fact of the publishing year. Full twenty thousand copies have been sold, and the favorable reception of the book has led to some base imitations, which are seeking currency under its me. It must not be confounded Legouvé on "The Social and Legal Relations of Women," now in press in an English version by the same translator, and speedily to appear from his publishers, Messrs. Rudd & Carleton. It is a curious fact that no edition of Michelet's book has been issued n England. France is the chosen country for female influence; nowhere else do we see the gravest writers turning from other subjects, and in the decline of life resorting to one whose attraction is never-failing, a Michelet, whose work is the sequel of long historics studies; Cousin, who deserts philosophy to immor-talize the heroines of the Fronde and the salons of Louis XIV.; and Comte, who adds a religion to his philosophy, based on his experience of the feminine

-The numerous friends of Mr. Frederick Saunders, author of Salad for the Solitary, Mosaics, &c., will be glad to hear that he has been appointed an attache of the Aster Library. The progressive development of this institution is merely a question of time. The new building affords ample accommodation for spa-cious reading rooms, and before many years some five hundred readers a day, surrounded with all possible facilities for study, free access to books of reference, &c., will be found availing themselves of the oppor-tunities so liberally offered. The Astor Library now contains as many books as did that of the British Museum till within thirty years, and, the collection being made with the specific purpose of representing every branch of human knowledge, is much more valuable for purposes of study.

-The editor of The Louisville Journal has been the occasion of a blunder as amusing as any of his own ritticisms. The London Bookseller, a monthly organ of the publishing trade, commenting on a list of American announcements, says: "We observe a book appounced on an almost forgotten subject, Prenticiana. Mrs. Ellis may be reminded by this that the preptices of England have never yet been the subject of a history." This exquisite unconsciousness of the nature of the work (which, we need scarcely say, is a collection of good things from the paragon of Western wits is inimitable.

-Dr. Pusey of Oxford, has printed a specimen of the work on which he has been engaged for many years—A Communitary on the Minor Prophets. It has been received with great favor as a deep, earnest, and thoughtful attempt to illustrate a portion of Scrip ture geterally overlooked. As Dr. Pusey was He brew Professor at Oxford, he brings to the task all the requisite scholarship. The ertire work will be brought out by Messrs. Parker, the University publishers. The first portion, comprising Hosea, is now nearly ready. -Nothing definite is known of the second volume

of Mr. Buckle's History of Civilization. It was announced during the Spring as "nearly ready," and as containing the History of Civilization in Spain and in Scotland, a concatenation that must wait for explanation till the appearance of the book. To announcement, however, is not continued in the Au tumn list of the publishers (Mesers, J. W. Parker & Son). It is understood that Mr. Buckle is displeased with the fact, or the manner, of the reproduction of his book in this country, and is indisposed to grant

my of the usual facilities afforded by early sheets of the forthcoming volume; so that no priority of publica-tion here is to be leaked for. Good judges estimate that the sale of the first volume in America has been three times larger than in England. The author's last appearance in public has not aide ! to his reputation. It was as an assailant of Justice Coleridge for an alleged perversion of the law in the sentence of a man convicted of biasphemy in an English agricultu-ral county. It appeared in Frazer's Magazine, and was so unmeasured in terms as to provoke a very severe rejoinder from the son of the learned Judge, which satisfactorily disposed of the charge.

-Another distinguished Churchman, Dr. Hook, formerly of Leeds, but now promoted to the dignified retirement of Dean of Chichester, announces Lives of the Archisbishops of Canterbury, " from the Mission of Augustine to the death of Archbishop Howley," in 5 volumes, Svo., from the press of Mr. Bentley. standard work, ranking with Milmun's History of Christianity, may be looked for from so competent

-" The Treason of Gen. Lee, Second in Comm of the American Army during the Revolutionary War," by Mr. George H. Moore of the New-York Historical Society, is in press and will shortly be published by C. Scribner. It is a work of great historical interest supported at every step of its changes by documentary evidence from which there seems to be no escape. It will throw new light on the motives and actions of the leaders at a stirring crisis of the Revolution.

-Sir John Bowring's new book resulting from his Eastern mission is announced by Messrs. Smith & Elder, Visit to the Philippine Islands in 1858-9, and in the absence of any standard work on that little-descr.bed region, will be acceptable in many points of view. It will be remembered that Sir John Bowring suffered the loss of his papers, collections, &c., by the shipwreck of the Alms in the Red Ses, the vessel in which he was returning to England. It is to be hoped from this announcement that the calamity was not irreparable.

-The new Government of Tuscany is signalizing its existence by ordering the publication of a complete edition of the works of Macchiavelli, to be by two distinguished scholars (Canettrina and Polidiri), under the direction of the Home Minister, and brought out at the public expense. This is called one result of the re-awakening of Italian Liberty, but the choice of the "Apostle of Despotism" seems a curious one, if anything more than a general literary sympathy with him, as a national classic, is to be un

-The success of cheap literature is not confined to one country. The "Bonners" are cosmopolitan, as a late instance shows in England, where Mr. George Bigg, proprietor of The Family Herald, has lately died, leaving a fortune of \$350,000, made by that publication, the greater part of which is bequeathed to Pinters' Alms-Houses, and other charitable foundstions. The Family Herald has always been noted for its extensive "Answers to Correspondents," and the attertion paid to that department is the main cause of its enormous circulation among the middle classes, with whom its authority is unbounded on the deli cate dilemmas that occur in questions of courtship and marriage and affairs of the heart. So differen are social habits in England and America, that Mr. Bigg, who was the business successor of Mr. Matthews, the father of the emineut comedian, continued to the day of his death to occupy his dingy rooms in the Strand as the publication office, undisturbed by visions of fast trotters and Fifth Avenue palaces, which are at once the aim and the evidence of

success with us. -A beautiful application of Photography, is shown in an elegant volume published by George Leavitt & Co., New-York, The Book of Raphael's Madonnas. It is illustraied with fourteen exquisite photographic impressions (executed by Huffnagel) of the most celebrated pictures of Raphael, as they have been rendered by the chief engravers of the world. As they are all reduced to one cabinet size, the engravings seem to gain in brilliancy by diminution, and a really novel and beautiful effect is produced. Mr. Geo. P. Putnam was the first to apply to book illustration the pro cesses of the photographic art, in the Homes of American Statesmen. It was then in its infancy, but the success of the present undertaking shows to what valuable uses it may be put.

-The happy few who have thousands to spare for bibliographical rarities, at Boston and elsewhere, are indignant at the withdrawal from auction sale of the Crowninshield Library, advertised for public competition on Nov. I and three following days. It has been sold in one lot to Mr. Henry Stevens of London for \$9,000. The collection is small in extent, the catalogue embracing less than 1,200 lots, but unsurpassed for the rarity and beantiful condition of the New-England and America, and among them are many volumes of the highest interest, almost or quite unique. Mr. Stevens was the principal agent of Mr. Crowninshield in his purchases, so that he is well acquainted with the value of the books, and most of them will ultimately find their way into the possession of collectors with well-stored pockets in this country. It is a question whether faith is not broken with the public when so special an announcement is nullified and in the general opinion of connossieurs a much much larger sum would have been realized had the sale taken place as proposed.

-Sir Bulwer Lytton is receiving the honor usually deferred to a posthumous occasion, in the appearance of a Uniform Library Edition of his Novels, in the same style as the well-known editions of Scott. It is ow in preparation by Messrs. Blackwood of Edinburgh, each novel to be comprised in 2 volumes, the whole set to extend to 43 volumes, issued at monthly ptervals. The literary fecundity of the Hon. Barone remarkable. As originally issued, these novels must have filled nearly 75 volumes, and his miscellaneous writings, poems, reviews and magazine articles would, if collected, certainly extend the number to 150 volmes; and these from a man who has filled no inconeiderable position in the social and political world, and who is still, as people count in England, far from "the ere and yellow leaf," and fully capable of great intelectual activity.

-The transfer of The Atlantic Monthly to Mesers Ticknor & Fields is a measure very much approved of by literary men, and is considered to be an auspious event for its future success. In contradiction to ome current reports, the purchase of the entire property for \$10,000 was a business measure o sees gentlemen alone, perfectly free and unembarrassed with any conditions, and gives them the entire ownership of the Magazine. If it is considered desira le to revive one of the original features of the planthe enlisting foreign talent in its support-Mr. Fields's favorable position with English authors will give them great facility for carrying it out; but the general sentiment is for its continuing a purely American work, supported by writers in the United States. -A movement for Publishing Reform is set on foot

Ergland by the organization of the National Publishing Company, whose circular appears in the literary journa's, though unaccompanied by any names of responsible parties. It aims to be the sole dium between the author and the public; and the five points of its reform charter are, in brief, 1. All printing and binding charges to be at the lowest rate, and as previously agreed upon. 2. Advertising to be enducted in the same manner, to an amount muually settled. 3. A per centage on clear profits to ake the place of the usual charges and comm Printing and paper to be of the "first style of metropolitan workmanship." 5. Accounts to be ren-dered and settled in cash, six months from date of ublication. These provisions are so unexceptions le that the Company deserves success. The grea point—where the capital comes from—is not men-tioned; but, as it is advertised as ready for business we trust the necessary means have been secured. All attempts to add to the empluments of authors meet

with the sympathy of a large and constantly increase g class, who will watch with curiosity the result of

-Mr. Coarles Reach Smith, whose antiquaries colc'ion was lately bought by the British Maseum, as just completed his Illustrations of Roman Lon don, in I vol., 4to., with colored plates. Its object is to convey a notion of the ancient city and its inhabitants, by the remains themselves, as brought together by the author in the unremitting research of many ears devoted to the pursuit. The vestiges of its onees and public monuments, the habits, ornaments, correhold gods, domestic implements, and mency of he citizens have all yielded their relics; so completeburied is the accient Londinium edern city that the principal means of investigation ave been the deep longitudinal cuttings and excave ons made for the recent sewers, which often penetrate feet downward, to the site of the original Roman

-The entente cordiale that, in spite of Governments, actually exists between France and England is amasingly illustrated by the appearance in that strong hold of John Bullism, Punck, of some comic sketches by the famous French caricaturist, M. de Nee, better known as Cham. They proclaim their origin to any one accustomed to his style Certainly if John Leech reciprocated the favor in the Charira the Parisians will be the gainers by the exchange. The outre-burlesque sketches of Cham contrast very unfavorably with Leech's charming young ladies, so re fined and so home-like, among whom every one finds the type of his beau-ideal. The best qualities of this graceful artist are well displayed in his last work, the illustrations to "A Little Tour in Ireland by an Oxonian," a tasteful little ito. in green and gold, pubhished by Messis. Bradbury & Evans, and written with good feeling and a fair share of animal spirits, but owing its chief attraction to the artist's renderng of the "Beauty and Beggary of Erin."

-W. A. Townsend & Co., the publishers of Cooper's works, are about to bring out the 64 illustrations by Darley, drawn for the works of the great novelist, in a new form. Such has been the for proofs of these drawings, that they are about to produce them in eight folios, each felio con eight of the engravings. Each plate will be face with a page of letter-press, descriptive of the scene illustrated by Darley. Each illustration will be an artist's proof, printed before lettering the plate, on India paper. The folios will be published by subscription, at \$3 each, and as the number is necessarily limited to 500 copies, the lover of American art will do well to secure an early copy. These illustrations are engraved by the best talent in the country-Alfred Jones, the Smillies, Rice, Hinshelwood, Phillibrown, Girsch, Marshall, Paradise, and others-is line, the purest style of the art of engraving.

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

EXPECT OF CARRONIC ACID ON THE SKIN .- A communication has been lately made to the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on the sensation of heat caused of Sciences of Paris, on the second singular proper-by carbonic acid. One of the most singular properties of this gas, says the report, is its decider upon the skin. All parts of the body that come in contact with it, feel immediately an extraordinary in-crease of heat, which is not exhibited by the thermom-ster. A person placed in a room, heated to twenty de grees certigrade, and plunging his naked arm into a receiver full of carbonic acid gas, feels as though he had put his arm into something fifteen or twe grees botter than the air of the chamber. This preperty has been turned to account medically in thermal sometimes pure and sometimes mixed, have been ed-ministered to invalids—with what effect is not stated. M. Boussingault ays that in a trench of an old sulphur mine in New-Granada, he was almost sufficeated and thrown into a violent perspiration by this gas, the heat of which he believed, at the time, to be equal to forty degrees, but his thermometer, after being left an hour in the trench, only marked nineteen degrees three degrees, in fact, less than the temperature of the surface in the shade. The Professor also felt a pricking sensation in the eyes from the effect of the gas, and he was assured by the miners that they al-

TYPHUS FEVER IN GREAT BRITAIN .- A classifica tion of all the patients admitted into the London Fever Hospital with "continued fever" for several years, shows a considerable preponderance of males; but this is accounted for, in the report of that institution, on the ground that the patients are largely derived from the poor population of the country, who, in times of epidemic and general distress, resort to the metropolis in search of employment. The seasen would appear to exert no important bearing on the prevalence of typhus. An analysis of the hospital admissions, for a period of eight consecutive year shows a remarkable deviation from anything like uni-formity in the comparative number of patients for the corresponding months. Sometimes the cold. sometimes the warm, are the favorite seasons; in one year the Spring, in another the Autumn, now January and now July. The duration of the fever is stated to be from fourteen to twenty-one days; more often, the fever will terminate in death or recovery at from the twelfth to the eighteenth day. The ratio of mortality in typhus is a difficult matter accurately to determine, so much do the statistics chronicled under this head depend on conditions and circumstances. An analysis of the reports of the London Fever Hospital, from 1849 to 1853, inclusive, gives the following results: in 1849, the rate of mortality was 7.75 per cent; in 1850, 92.41; in 1851, 22.40; in 1852, 10.16; in 1853, 11.82clearly showing that no reliable deductions can be made from the results of those years. Experies however, shows that the mortality of typhne is largely increased after the middle period of life.

CROUP. - M. Bouchat, says the L'Union Med., sometime since brought forward a proposition to treat croup by introducing a silver tube deep into the larynx. Having accertained the facility with which this may be done upon the dead subject, he put the practice into force in two cases of membranous croup brought into the Sainte Eugenie Hospital. He employs three descriptions of instruments. A small curved catheter, open at both ends, as a director for the tube; a straight cylindrical tube, one and a half or two centimeters long-furnished at its upper part with two prejecting rims-one placed around its orifice, and the ther at six millimeters below-and pierced with a hole for the passage of a retaining silk; and a protecting sheath for the index finger or dental dil M. BOUCHAT considers that his experience establishes the fact of the facility with which tubage of the gleitis may be performed by fixing a canula on the lower cordo vocales, which does not interfere with the functions of the epiglottis; the tolerance of this tube by the larynx: the possibility of relieving the asphysia of croup by this means in preference to trache-otomy: the facility with which large pseudo-membrancus concrations formed in the traches and bronchi may pass through this intra-glottal tube; and the utility of this new resource for surgeons in remote localities, destitute of all assistance.

INTRODUCING A TUBE INTO THE LARYNX IN

District or Soar .- A writer in The Medical Gaette is very emphatic in his directions to patients suffering from cutaneous eruptions, to avoid the application of soap to the irritated part. In the general di-rections appended to the pharmacopsia is the fellow-ing: "Avoid using soap of any kind to the affected "parts; substitute to cleanse the skin, instead of reap, a paste or gruel made of bran, cotmeal, lieseed meal, arrowroot, or starch and warm water, or with warm milk and water; and yolk of ogg and warm water to cleanse the scalp." The last nam application is very useful in cases of porrigo, eczama of the scalp in children. Both of these affections are often aggravated and kept up by the persevering use